

[CHEAP REPOSITORY. Number 20.]

THE  
*History of the*  
TWO SHOEMAKERS.  
PART III.



PHILADELPHIA:  
PRINTED BY B. & J. JOHNSON,  
No. 147. HIGH-STREET.  
1800.  
[Price 4 Cents.]

T

—

T

ov

GL

wi

tal

fay

the

An

no

ne

yo

sta

Sta

TH

in

he

bro

a g

## TWO SHOEMAKERS.

---

THE tricks were so merry that the time seemed short, and when they were over he could not forbear going into the Globe and treating these choice spirits with a bowl of punch. Just as they were taking the last glass, Jack happened to say that he was the best fives player in the country. "That is lucky," said the Andrew, "for there is a famous match now playing in the court, and you may never have such an opportunity to show your skill." Brown declared he could not stay, for that he had left his horse at the Star, and must set off on urgent business. They now all pretended to call his skill in question. This roused his pride, and he thought another half hour could break no squares. Smiler had now had a good feed of corn, and he would only.



have to push her a little more ; so to it he went.

He won the first game. This spurred him on : and he played till it was so dark they could not see a ball. Another bowl was called for from the winner. Wagers and betts now drained Brown not only of all the money he had won, but of all he had in his pocket, so that he was obliged to ask leave to go to the house where his horse was, to borrow enough to discharge his reckoning at the Globe.

All these losses brought his poor dear mother to his mind, and he marched off with rather a heavy heart, to borrow the money, and to order Smiler out of the stable. The landlord expressed much surprise at seeing him, and the ostler declared there was no Smiler there ; that she had been rode off above two hours ago by the Merry Andrew, who said he came by order of the owner Mr. Brown to fetch her to the Globe, and to pay for her feed. It was indeed one of the neatest tricks the Andrew ever performed,



for he had made such a clean conveyance of Smiler, that neither Jack nor his father ever heard of her again.

It was night. No one could tell what road the Andrew took, and it was another hour or two before an advertisement could be drawn up for apprehending the horse-stealer. Jack had some doubts whether he should go on or return back. He knew that though his father might fear his wife most, yet he loved Smiler best. At length he took that courage from a glass of brandy which he ought to have taken from a hearty repentance, and he resolved to pursue his journey. He was obliged to leave his watch and silver buckles in pawn for a little old hack which was nothing but skin and bone, and would hardly trot three miles an hour.

He knocked at his father's door about five in the morning. The family were all up. He asked the boy who opened the door how his mother was? "She is dead," said the boy, "she died yester-

day afternoon." Here Jack's heart smote him, and he cried aloud, partly from grief, but more from the reproaches of his own conscience, for he found by computing the hours, that had he come strait on, he should have been in time to have received his mother's blessing.

The Farmer now called from within. "I hear Smiler's step. Is Jack come?" "Yes father," said Jack in a low voice. "Then," cried the Farmer, "run every man and boy of you and take care of the mare. Tom, do thou go and rub her down; Jem, run and get her a good feed of corn. Be sure and walk her about that she may not catch cold." Young Brown came in. "Are you not an undutiful dog?" said the father, "you might have been here twelve hours ago. Your mother could not die in peace without seeing you. She said it was a cruel return for all her fondness that you could not make a little haste to see her; but it was always so, for she wronged her other children to help you, and this was her reward." Brown sobbed out a few



words, but his father replied, "Never cry Jack, for the boy told me that it was out of regard for Smiler that you were not here as soon as he was; and if it was your over care of her, why there's no great harm done. You could not have saved your poor mother, and you might have hurt the mare." Here Jack's double guilt flew into his face. He knew that his father was very covetous, and had lived on bad terms with his wife; and also that his own unkindness to her had been forgiven out of love to the horse; but to break to him how he had lost that horse through his own folly and want of feeling was more than Jack had courage to do. The old man however, soon got at the truth, and no words can describe his fury. Forgetting that his wife lay dead above stairs, he abused his son in a way not fit to be repeated; and though his covetousness had just before found an excuse for neglecting to visit a dying parent, yet he now vented his rage against Jack as an unnatural brute, whom he would cut off with a shilling, and bade him never see his face again.



Jack was not allowed to attend his mother's funeral. which was a real grief to him ; nor would his father advance even the little money which was needful to redeem his things at the Star. He had now no fond mother to assist him, and he set out on his return home on his borrowed hack full of grief. He knew he had also lost a little hoard of money which his mother had saved up for him.

When Brown got back to his own town he found that the story of Smiler and the Andrew had got thither before him, and it was thought a very good joke at the Greyhound. He soon recovered his spirits as far as related to the horse, but as to his behaviour to his dying mother it troubled him at times to the last day of his life, though he did all he could to forget it. He did not however go on at all better, nor did he engage in one frolic the less for what passed at the Globe.

Jack began at length to feel the reverse of that proverb, " Keep your shop and your shop will keep you." He had

neglected his customers, and they for-  
 took him. Quarter day came round;  
 there was much to pay and little to  
 receive. He owed two years rent. He  
 was in arrears to his men for wages. He  
 had a long account with his currier. It  
 was in vain to apply to his father. He  
 had now no mother. Stock was the only  
 true friend he had in the world, and had  
 helped him out of many petty scrapes,  
 but he knew Stock would advance no  
 money in so hopeless a case. Duns came  
 fast about him. He named a speedy day  
 for payment, but as soon as they were  
 out of the house, and the danger put off  
 to a little distance, he forgot every pro-  
 mise, was as merry as ever, and run the  
 same round of thoughtless gaiety.  
 Whenever he was in trouble Stock did  
 not shun him, because that was the mo-  
 ment he thought to throw in a little  
 good advice. He one day asked him if  
 he always intended to go on in this  
 course? "No," said he, "I am resolved  
 bye-and-by to reform, grow sober, and go  
 to church. Why I am but five and twen-  
 ty, man, I am strong and healthy, and

likely to live long, I can repent and grow melancholy and good at any time."

"Oh Jack," said Stock, don't cheat thyself with that false hope. What thou dost intend to do, do quickly. Didst thou never hear about the heart growing hardened by long indulgence in sin? Some folk, who pretend to mean well, shew that they mean nothing at all, by never beginning to put their good resolutions into practice; which made a wise man once say, that "hell is paved with good intentions."

Michaelmas Day was at hand. The Landlord declared he would be put off no longer, but would seize for rent if it was not paid him on that day, as well as for a considerable sum due to him for leather. Brown now began to be frightened. He applied to Stock to be bound for him. This Stock flatly refused. Brown now began to dread the horrors of a jail, and really seemed so very contrite, and made so many vows and promises of amendment, that at length



Stock was prevailed on, together with two or three of Brown's other friends, to advance each a small sum of money to quiet the Landlord, Brown promising to make over to them every part of his stock, and to be guided in future by their advice, that he would turn over a new leaf, and follow Mr. Stock's example, as well as his directions in every thing.

Stock's good-nature was at last wrought upon, and he raised the money. The truth is, he did not know the worst, or how deeply Brown was involved, and Brown joyfully set out at the very quarter day to a town at some distance to carry his Landlord the money raised by the imprudent kindness of his friend. At his departure Stock put him in mind of the old story of Smiler and the Merry Andrew, and he promised of his own head that he would not even call at a public house till he had paid the money.

He was as good as his word. He very triumphantly passed by several. He

stopped a little under the window of one where the sounds of merriment and loud laughter caught his ear. At another he heard the enticing notes of a fiddle and the light heels of the merry dancers. Here his heart had well nigh failed him, but the dread of a jail on the one hand, and what he feared almost as much, Mr. Stock's anger on the other, spurred him on; and he valued himself not a little at having got the better of this temptation. He felt quite happy when he found he had reached the door of his landlord without having yielded to one idle inclination.

He knocked at the door. The maid who opened it said her master was not at home. "I am sorry for it," said he strutting about, and with a boasting air took out his money. "I want to pay him my rent: he need not have been afraid of me." The servant, who knew her master was very much afraid of him, desired him to walk in, her master would be at home in half an hour. "I will call again," said he: "but no, let him

call on me, and the sooner the better : I shall be at the Blue Post." While he had been talking he took care to open his black leather case, and to display the Bank Bills to the servant, and then, in a swaggering way, he put up his money and marched off to the Blue Posts.

He was by this time quite proud of his own resolutions, and having tendered the money, and being clear in his own mind that it was the landlord's own fault that it was not paid, he went to refresh himself at the Blue Posts. In a barn belonging to this public house some strollers were just going to perform some of that sing-song ribaldry with which our villages are corrupted, the laws broken, and that money is drawn from the poor for pleasure, which is wanted by their families for bread. The name of the last new song which made part of the entertainment, made him think himself in high luck, that he should have just that half hour to spare. He went into the barn, but was too much delighted with the actor who sung his favourite song to



remain a quiet hearer. He leaped out of the pit, and got behind the two ragged blankets which served for a curtain. He sung so much better than the actors themselves, that they praised and admired him to a degree which awakened all his vanity. He was so intoxicated with their flattery, that he could do no less than invite them all to supper, an invitation which they were too hungry not to accept.

He did not however quite forget his appointment with his landlord; but the half hour was long since past by. "And so," says he, "as I know he is a mean curmudgeon, who goes to bed I suppose by day light to save candle, it will be too late to speak with him to night—besides, let him call upon me: it is his business and not mine. I left word where I was to be found, the money is ready, and if I don't pay him to-night, I can do it before breakfast."

By the time these firm resolutions were made supper was ready. There never

was a more jolly evening. Ale and punch were as plenty as water. The actors saw what a vain fellow was feasting them; and as they wanted victuals, and he wanted flattery, the business was soon settled. They ate and Brown sung. They pretended to be in raptures. Singing promoted drinking, and every fresh glass produced a song, or a story still more merry than the former. Before morning those who were engaged to act in another barn a dozen miles off stole away quietly. Brown having dropt asleep they left him to finish his nap by himself: as to him, his dreams were gay and pleasant, and the house being quite still, he slept comfortably till morning.

As soon as he had breakfasted, the business of the night before popped into his head. He set off once more to his landlord's in high spirits, gaily singing all the way scraps of all the tunes he had picked up the night before from his new friends. The landlord opened the door himself, and reproached him with no small surliness for not having kept his word with

him the evening before, adding, that he supposed he was now come with some more of his shallow excuses. Brown put on all that haughtiness which is common to people who are generally in the wrong, when they catch themselves doing a right action, and looked big, as some sort of people do, when they have money to pay. "You need not have been so anxious about your money," said he, "I was not going to break or run away." The Landlord knew this was the common language of those who were ready to do both. Brown haughtily added,—“You shall see I am a man of my word; give me a receipt.” The Landlord had it ready and gave it him.

Brown put his hand in his pocket for his black leather case where the bills were, he felt, he searched, he examined, first one pocket, then the other, then both waistcoat pockets, but no leather case could he find. He looked terrified. It was the face of real terror. The landlord conceived it to be that of guilt, and abused him heartily for putting his old



tricks upon him; he swore he would not be imposed upon any longer, the money or a jail, there lay his choice.

Brown protested for once with great truth, that he had no intention to deceive; that he had actually brought the money, and knew not what was become of it; but the thing was far too unlikely to gain credit. Brown now called to mind that he had fallen asleep on the settle in the room where they had supped. This raised his spirits. He had no doubt but the case had fallen out of his pocket, said he would step to the public-house and search for it, and would be back directly. Not one word of all this did the landlord believe, so inconvenient is it to have a bad character. He swore Brown should not stir out of his house without a constable, and made him wait while he sent for one. Brown, guarded by the constable, went back to the Blue Posts. The landlord charging the officer not to lose sight of the culprit. The caution was needless, Brown had not the least design of running away, so firmly per-

him the evening before, adding, that he supposed he was now come with some more of his shallow excuses. Brown put on all that haughtiness which is common to people who are generally in the wrong, when they catch themselves doing a right action, and looked big, as some sort of people do, when they have money to pay. "You need not have been so anxious about your money," said he, "I was not going to break or run away." The Landlord knew this was the common language of those who were ready to do both. Brown haughtily added,—“You shall see I am a man of my word; give me a receipt.” The Landlord had it ready and gave it him.

Brown put his hand in his pocket for his black leather case where the bills were, he felt, he searched, he examined, first one pocket, then the other, then both waistcoat pockets, but no leather case could he find. He looked terrified. It was the face of real terror. The landlord conceived it to be that of guilt, and abused him heartily for putting his old



icks upon him; he swore he would not be imposed upon any longer, the money or a jail, there lay his choice.

Brown protested for once with great truth, that he had no intention to deceive; that he had actually brought the money, and knew not what was become of it; but the thing was far too unlikely to gain credit. Brown now called to mind that he had fallen asleep on the settle in the room where they had supped. This raised his spirits. He had no doubt but the case had fallen out of his pocket, said he would step to the public-house and search for it, and would be back directly. Not one word of all this did the landlord believe, so inconvenient is it to have a bad character. He swore Brown should not stir out of his house without a constable, and made him wait while he sent for one. Brown, guarded by the constable, went back to the Blue Posts. The landlord charging the officer not to lose sight of the culprit. The caution was needless, Brown had not the least design of running away, so firmly per-



suaded was he that he should find his leather case.

But who can paint his dismay, when no tale or tidings of the leather case could be had. The master, the mistress, the boy, and the maid of the public house all protested they were innocent. His suspicions soon fell on the strollers with whom he had passed the night. And he now found out for the first time that a merry evening did not always produce a happy morning. He obtained a warrant, and proper officers were sent in pursuit of the strollers. No one however believed he had lost any thing. And as he had not a shilling left to defray the expensive treat he had given, the master of the inn agreed with the other landlord in thinking this story was a trick to defraud both. Brown remained in close custody. At length the officers returned, who said they had been obliged to let the strollers go, as they could not fix the charge on any one, and they had all offered to swear before a justice that they had seen nothing of the leather case.

And it was agreed that as he had passed the evening in a crowded barn, he had probably been robbed there of it all; and among so many who could pretend to guess at the thief?

Brown raved like a madman, he cried and tore his hair, said he was ruined for ever. The abusive language of his old landlord, and his new creditor at the Blue Posts, did not lighten his sorrow. His landlord would be put off no longer. Brown declared he could neither find bail nor raise another shilling, and as soon as the forms of law were made out, he was sent to the county jail.

Here it might have been expected that hard living and much leisure would have brought him to reflect a little on his past follies. But his heart was not truly touched. The chief thing which grieved him at first was, his having abused the kindness of Stock, for to him he should appear guilty of a real fraud, where he had indeed been only vain, idle, and imprudent. And it is worth while

here to remark that vanity, idleness, and imprudence, often bring a man to ruin both soul and body, though silly people do not put them in the catalogue of heavy sins, and those who indulge them are often reckoned good honest merry fellows.

Brown was no sooner lodged in his doleful habitation, and a little recovered from his first surprise, than he sat down and wrote his friend Stock the whole history of the transaction. Mr. Stock, who had long known the exceeding lightness and dissipation of his mind, did not so utterly disbelieve the story as all the other creditors did. To speak the truth, Stock was the only one among them who had good sense enough to know, that a man may be completely ruined, both in what relates to his property and his soul, without committing Old Bailey crimes. He knew that idleness, vanity, and the love of *pleasure*, as it is falsely called, will bring a man to a morsel of bread, as surely as those things which are reckoned much greater



ness, and that they undermine his principles as certainly, though not perhaps quite so fast.

Stock was too angry with what had happened to answer Brown's letter, or to seem to take the least notice of him. However, he kindly and secretly undertook a journey to the hard hearted old Farmer, Brown's father, to intercede with him, and to see if he would do any thing for his son. Stock did not pretend to excuse Jack, or even to lessen his offences; for it was a rule of his never to disguise truth or to palliate wickedness. Sin was still sin in his eyes, though it were committed by his best friend; but though he would not soften the sin he felt tenderly for the sinner. He pleaded with the old Farmer on the ground that his son's idleness and other vices would gather fresh strength in a jail. He told him that the loose and worthless company which he would there keep, would harden him in vice, and if he was now wicked he might there become irreclaimable.

But all his pleas were urged in vain. The farmer was not to be moved. Indeed he argued with some justice, that he ought not to make his industrious children beggars to save one rogue from the gallows. Mr. Stock allowed the force of this reason, though he saw the father was less influenced by this principle of justice than by resentment on account of the old Story of Smiler.

Mr. Stock at length wrote to poor Jack; not to offer him any help, that was quite out of the question, but "to exhort him to repent of his evil ways; to lay before him the sins of his past life, and to advise him to convert the present punishment into a benefit, by humbling himself before God."

If Mr. Stock had sent him a good sum of money to procure his liberty, or even a trifle to make merry with his wretched companions, Jack would have thought him a friend indeed. But to send him nothing but dry advice, and a few words of empty comfort, was, he thought, but



vain cheap shabby way of shewing his kindness. Unluckily the letter came just as that he was going to sit down to one of those furious merry-makings which are often carried on with brutal riot within the gloeful walls of a jail on the entrance of a new prisoner, who is often expected to give a feast to the rest.

When his companions were heated with gin, "Now" says Jack, "I'll treat you with a sermon, and a very pretty breachment it is." So saying he took out Mr. Stock's kind and pious letter, and was delighted at the bursts of laughter it produced. "What a canting dog!" said one. "Repentance indeed!" cried Tom Crew, "No, no, Jack, tell this hypocritical rogue that if we have lost our liberty, it is only for having been jolly, hearty fellows, and we have more spirit than to repent of that I hope: all the harm we have done is living a little too fast, like honest bucks as we are." "Aye, aye, said Jolly George, "had we been such sneaking miserly fellows as Stock, we need not have come hither.



But if the ill-nature of the laws, has clapped up such fine hearty blades, we are no *felons* however. We are afraid of no Jack Ketch; and I see no cause to repent of any sin that's not hanging matter. For those who are thrust into the condemned hole indeed, and have but a few hours to live, they *must* see the Parson, and hear a sermon and such stuff. But I do not know what such stout young fellows as we are have to do with repentance. And so Jack, let us have that rare new catch which you learnt of the strollers that merry night when you lost your pocket book."

Brown spent one part of his time in thoughtless riot, and the other in gloom and sadness. Company kept up his spirits; with his new friends he contrived to drown thought; but when he was alone he began to find that a *merry fellow*, when deprived of his companions and his liquor, is often a most forlorn wretch. Then it is, that even a merry fellow says of laughter, "What is it? and of mirth it is madness."

As he contrived, however, to be as little alone as possible, his gaiety was commonly uppermost, till that loathsome distemper called the Jail Fever, broke out in the prison. He soon caught the distemper, and that in so dreadful a degree, that his life was in great danger. He lay in the most deplorable condition; his body tormented with a dreadful disease, and his soul terrified and amazed at the approach of death; that death, which he thought at so great a distance, and of which his comrades had assured him, that a young fellow of five and twenty was in no danger. Poor Jack! I cannot help feeling for him. Without a shilling! without a friend! without one comfort respecting this world, and, what is far more terrible, without one hope respecting the next.

A Christian friend generally comes forward at the very time when worldly friends forsake the wretched. The other prisoners would not come near Brown, though he had often entertained and never offended them, even his own

father was not moved with his sad condition. When Mr. Stock informed him of it, he answered, "'tis no more than he deserves. As he brews so he must bake. He has made his own bed, and let him lie in it." The hard old man had ever at his tongue's end some proverb which he contrived to turn in such a way as to excuse himself.

We shall now see how Mr. Stock behaved. He had his favourite sayings too, but they were chiefly on the side of kindness, mercy or some other virtue. "I must not," said he, "pretend to call myself a Christian, if I do not requite evil for good." When he received the jailer's letter with the account of Brown's sad condition, Will Simpson and Tommy Williams began to compliment him on his own wisdom and prudence, by which he had escaped Brown's misfortunes. He only gravely said, "Blessed be God that I am not in the same misery. It is *He* who has made us to differ. But for *his* grace I might have been in no better condition. Now



con- Brown is brought low by the hand of  
him God, it is my time to go to him."  
than "What you," said Will, "whom he  
must cheated of your money?" "This is not  
and a time to remember injuries," said Mr.  
man Stock. "How can I ask forgiveness for  
pro- my own sins, if I withhold forgiveness  
such from him?" So saying he ordered his  
horse, and set off to see poor Brown,  
thus proving that his was a religion not  
k be. of words but of deeds.

side of Stock's heart nearly failed him as he  
virtue. passed through the prison. The groans  
end to of the sick and dying, and what to such  
not re- a heart as his was still more moving,  
ceived the brutal merriment of the healthy in  
ount of such a place, pierced his very soul.  
mpson Many a silent prayer did he put as he  
ompli passed along, that God would yet be  
d pru- pleased to touch their hearts, and that  
rown's now (during this infectious sickness)  
y said, might be the accepted time." The  
in the sailor observed him drop a tear, and ask-  
made us ed the cause. "I cannot forget," said  
might he, "that the most dissolute of these is  
Now till my fellow creature. The same God

made them ; the same SAVIOUR died for them , how then can I hate the worst of them ? With my advantages they might have been much better than I am without the blessing of God on my good Minister's instructions, I might have been worse than the worst of these. I have no cause for pride, much for thankfulness ; *let us not be high-minded but fear.*"

It would have moved a heart of stone to have seen poor miserable Jack Brown lying on his wretched bed, his face changed by pain, poverty, dirt and sorrow, that he could hardly be known for that " merry soul of a jack boot," as he used to be called. His groans were so piteous that it made Mr. Stock's heart ache. He kindly took him by the hand though he knew the distemper was catching. " How dost do Jack ? " said he. " dost know me ? " Brown shook his head and said faintly, " know you ? ay that I do. I am sure I have but one friend in the world who would come to see me in this woeful condition.

died! what have I brought myself to?  
 what will become of my poor soul? I  
 will not look back, for that is all sin,  
 I am I go forward, for that is all misery and  
 good e."

Mr. Stock spoke kindly to him, but  
 did not attempt to cheer him with false  
 comfort, as is too often done. "I am  
 grieved to see you in this dirty place,"  
 said Brown. "As to the place Jack,"  
 replied the other, "if it has helped to  
 bring you to a sense of your past offences,  
 it will be no bad place for you. I am  
 heartily sorry for your distress and your  
 sickness; but if it should please God by  
 them to open your eyes, and to shew you  
 that sin is a greater evil than the prison  
 which it has brought you, all may yet  
 be well; I had rather see you in this  
 humble penitent state, lying on this dirt-  
 bed, in this dismal prison, than roar-  
 ing and rioting at the Greyhound, the  
 head of the company, with handsome  
 cloaths on your back, and plenty of mo-  
 ney in your pocket."



Brown wept bitterly and squeezed his hand, but was too weak to say much. Mr. Stock then desired the jailor to let him have such things as were needful and he would pay for them. He would not leave the poor fellow till he had given him with his own hands some broth which the jailor had got ready for him, and some medicines which the Doctor had sent. All this kindness cut Brown to the heart. He was just able to sob out "my unnatural father leaves me to perish, and my injured friend is more than a father to me." Stock told him that one proof he must give of his repentance was, that he must forgive his father, whose provocation had been very great. He then said he would leave him for the present to take some rest, and desired him to lift up his heart to God for mercy. "Dear James," replied Brown, "do you pray for me? God perhaps may hear you, but he never will hear the prayer of such a sinner as I have been." "Take care how you think so," said Stock. "To believe that God can not forgive you would be still a greater

zed his much. n than any you have yet committed  
 r to let gainst him." He then explained to him  
 needful in a few words, as well as he was able,  
 would the nature of repentance, and forgive-  
 given ness through a Saviour, and warned him  
 broth earnestly against unbelief and hardness  
 r him, of heart.

Doctor Poor Jack grew much refreshed in bo-  
 Brown ly with the comfortable things he had  
 to sob taken; and a little cheered with Stock's  
 s me to kindness in coming so far to see, and to  
 s more forgive such a forlorn outcast, sick of an  
 d him infectious distemper, and locked within  
 repen the walls of a prison. " Surely" said he  
 his fa to himself, " there must be some mighty  
 n very power in a religion which can lead men  
 ve him to do such things! things so much against  
 ft, and the grain as to forgive such an injury,  
 to God and to risk catching such a distemper."  
 replied but he was so weak he could not express  
 od per his in words. He tried to pray, but he  
 er wil could not, at length overpowered with  
 I have weariness, he fell fast asleep.

When Mr. Stock came back, he was  
 surprised to find him so much better in



body; but his agonies of mind were dreadful, and he had now got strength to express part of the horrors which he felt. "James," said he, (looking wildly) "it is all over with me. I am a lost creature. Even your prayers cannot save me." "Dear Jack, replied Mr. Stock I am no minister: it does not become me to talk much to thee: but I know I may venture to say whatever is in the Bible. As ignorant as I am I shall be safe enough while I stick to that." Aye, said the sick man, you used to be ready enough to read to me, and I would not listen, or if I did it was only to make fun of what I heard, and now you will not so much as read a bit of a chapter to me.

This was the very point to which Stock longed to bring him. So he took a little bible out of his pocket, which he always carried with him on a journey, and read slowly verse by verse, the 55th chapter of Isaiah. When he came to the sixth and seventh verses, poor Jack cried so much that Stock was forced to stop. The words were, "Let the wicked man



forsake his way, and the unrighteous  
 man his thoughts, and let him return  
 unto the Lord." Here Brown stopped  
 him, saying, Oh it is too late, too late  
 for me. Let me finish the verse said  
 Stock, and you will see your error; you  
 will see that it is never too late. So he  
 read on—"let him return unto the  
 Lord, and he will have mercy upon  
 him, and to our God, and he will abun-  
 dantly pardon." Here Brown started  
 up, snatched the book out of his hand  
 and cried out, Is that really there? No,  
 no; that's of your own putting in, in  
 order to comfort me; let me look at the  
 words myself." "No, indeed," said  
 Stock, "I would not for the world give  
 you unfounded comfort, or put off any  
 notion of my own for a scripture doc-  
 trine." "But is it possible!" cried the  
 black man, "that God may really pardon  
 me? Do'st think he can? Do'st think he  
 will?" "I am sure of it," said Stock;  
 I dare not give thee false hopes, or,  
 indeed any hopes of my own. But these  
 are God's own words, and the only dif-  
 ficulty is to know when we are really

brought into such a state as that the words may be applied to us.

Mr. Stock was afraid of saying more. He would not venture out of his depth; nor, indeed, was poor Brown able to bear more discourse just now. So he made him a present of the Bible, folding down such places as he thought might be best suited to his state, and he took his leave, being obliged to return home that night. He left a little money with the jailor, to add a few comforts to the allowance of the prison, and promised to return in a short time.

When he got home, he described the sufferings and misery of Brown in a very moving manner; but Tommy Williams, instead of being properly affected at it, only said, "Indeed, Master, I am not very sorry; he is rightly served." "How, Tommy," said Mr. Stock, rather sternly, "not sorry to see a fellow creature brought to the lowest state of misery? one too whom you have known so prosperous!" "No, Master, I can

ay I am; for Mr. Brown used to make  
 un of you, and laugh at you for being so  
 godly, and reading your Bible."

"Let me say a few words to you  
 Tommy," said Mr. Stock. "In the  
 first place you should never watch for the  
 time of a man's being brought low by  
 trouble to tell of his faults. Next,  
 you should never rejoice at his trouble,  
 but pity him, and pray for him. Lastly,  
 as to his ridiculing me for my religion,  
 if I cannot stand an idle jest, I am not  
 worthy the name of a Christian.—*He  
 that is ashamed of me and my word,  
 do'st remember what follows, Tommy?*"  
 "Yes, Master, 'twas last Sunday's text  
 —*of him shall the Son of Man be asha-  
 med when he shall judge the world.*

Mr. Stock soon went back to the pri-  
 son. But he did not go alone. He took  
 with him Mr. Thomas, the worthy  
 Minister who had been the guide and  
 instructor of his youth, who was so kind  
 as to go at his request and visit this for-  
 norn prisoner. When they got to Brown's



door, they found him sitting up in bed with the Bible in his hand. This was a joyful sight to Mr. Stock, who secretly thanked God for it. Brown was reading aloud; they listened; it was the fifteenth of Saint Luke. The circumstances of this beautiful Parable of the Prodigal Son were so much like his own that the story pierced him to the soul and he stopped every minute to compare his own case with that of the Prodigal. He was just got to the eighteenth verse, *I will arise and go to my father*, at that moment he spied his two friends joy darted into his eyes. "O dear James," said he, "it is *not* too late, I will arise and go to my father, my heavenly father, and you, Sir, will shew me the way, won't you?" said he to Mr. Thomas, whom he recollected. "I am very glad to see you in so hopeful a disposition," said the good Minister. "O, Sir," said Brown. "what a place is this to receive you in! O, see to what I have brought myself!"

(To be continued.)